

# THE STANFORD INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXVIII, NO. 42.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1911.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

## McKECHNIE TURNS UP IN PORTLAND, OREGON

MESSAGE FROM HIS BROTHER SAYS MISSING MAN IS THERE WITH MIND IMPAIRED.

J. A. Hammond, of Moreland, was in Stanford, Monday and said that a message had been received by his daughter, Mrs. Robert A. McKechnie, that her husband who disappeared three weeks ago from his home in Louisville had turned up at the home of his brother in Portland, Ore., and that his mind is impaired. The message came from Edward McKechnie, a brother of the missing man, who has made his home in the west for some time.

This is the first information that the family of Mr. McKechnie has had of his whereabouts since his disappearance. He was superintendent of agents for the Commonwealth Life Insurance Company, of Louisville, and was held in high esteem by the company. He put the service of the company the out warning, and until nothing had been heard of him, thought every means of ascertaining his whereabouts had been employed.

Mrs. McKechnie, who is with her father, at Moreland, had been prostrated over the disappearance of her husband and is in a serious condition. She had intended to go to Louisville in order to assist in the investigations which were being made, but has been unable to do so.

Brother McKechnie and Mr. Hammond were in Louisville last week consulting a private detective whom they had employed to inquire into the case. Both Mr. Hammond and Brother McKechnie were of the belief that Robert McKechnie had been foully dealt with, and were very much surprised when the telegram came from Portland announcing that the missing man had turned up there.

While any news to the effect that McKechnie is alive was welcome the information that his mind is impaired came as a great shock to his family. He had never shown any indication of being irrational and no cause can be assigned for the sudden impairment of his mentality. When last seen he was in good health and spirits and of perfectly sound mind.

## AND WE'RE GOING TO DO IT, TOO.

There are quite a number of subscribers to the Interior Journal who are considerably behind with their subscriptions. We have sent out notices several times, but some of you have paid no attention to them. Many of those who do not seem inclined to pay up will be dropped from our lists after the 1st of June and the accounts placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. We do not desire to drop anyone from our list, but the cost of paper, and other material has advanced tremendously and we simply cannot afford to send the paper to those who will not pay for it. Please look at the date on the label of your paper and see if you are among the delinquents. And don't get mad if you don't get your paper, for we can't afford to give it away. Nut Sed.

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM SQUIRE MCKECHNIE

New York, May 25

Dear Interior Journal:

Just before starting out on the deep blue sea, I thought I would write you a few lines, as our friends through curiosity at least will likely want to know how far we have gotten on our journey to Scotland. We took in the city of New York yesterday and got to see President W. H. Taft, but did not know who he was until he was out of sight. Our attention was all by a policeman galloping his horse up 32nd street and yelling to clear the streets for the fire brigade, then came the antics with the party. I thought they were well dressed for the men as they had on big gauze hats, and making inquiry found it was Mr. Taft and party, then it was too late to size the crowd up, as I don't want to detain the ship from starting. I will close for this time, will write from the other side of arrival.

Yours,  
JAS. MCKECHNIE.

## WASH THOSE PIMPLES OFF

Use D. D. D., that mild, soothing wash, that recognized remedy for eczema and all skin troubles. First drops take away that awful burning, cleanse the skin—wash away every pimple—every impurity. Nothing like D. D. D. for the complexion—get a 25 cent trial bottle today—worth ten times its cost to have a bottle in the house. At any rate, pop into our store to talk over the merits of this wonderful prescription. Shurgars and Tanner Stanford, Ky.

## Brown-Cook

FORMER LINCOLNITE WEDS BEAUTIFUL GIRL AT DANVILLE.

Much interest is felt here in the wedding at Danville last Thursday afternoon, of Mr. Jesse F. Cook, of Lexington and his bride and reared in this county and Miss Laetitia Brown, of Lexington, which took place at home of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Baumhamer, in Boyle. Mr. Cook as a great many relatives and friends in Lincoln who will extend heartfelt congratulations while his bride is also well known and popular here and in this section of the state. The Lexington Leader had this note of the wedding:

The marriage of Miss Laetitia Brown to Mr. J. F. Cook, both of this city, was celebrated Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Baumhamer in Danville. The couple had planned to be married in June but while the bride was visiting in Danville it was decided to have the celebration earlier and in that city.

It was a quiet home wedding with only a few relatives and friends present. Dr. Cecil V. Cooke of the Baptist church officiating.

The house was decorated beautifully with flowers and plants and the bride wore a gray tailored suit with pretty belt. Her bouquet was of pink roses. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Brown of this city, is unusually handsome and lovely, and widely popular both in Fayette county and Lexington also in Danville and other cities.

Mr. Cook is a native of Stanford, Lincoln county, having come to Lexington about ten years ago and is connected in the stock business with Mr. A. J. Jewell. He is a man of splendid abilities and has numerous friends throughout the state.

After the wedding the bridal couple are coming to Lexington and will be at the Phoenix Hotel for a few days before leaving for a trip to Canada and other points returning to be at home after August the first to their friends in Lexington and will be heard with many loving words for the perfect happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

The news is an interesting surprise for the perfect happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

## ARM MASHED OFF

FORMER LINCOLN MAN INJURED IN LEVINGTON

News has been received by his friends and relatives in this country that Joe Chandler, formerly of Lincoln, sustained a severe injury at Lexington last week, when his right arm was mashed off in some machinery of the Lexington Roller Mills by whom he was employed. Mr. Chandler is a son-in-law of Mr. John Barnes, of the Neal's Creek section, and his many friends in this section, will regret exceedingly to learn of the accident.

## MORELAND

The appearance of some of the stores have been very much improved by painting and other repairs.

Messrs. Harvey Hopkins, Ben and Willie Pruitt started last Wednesday night on a fishing trip. Mr. James H. Pruitt went as chaplain.

Mr. W. G. Montgomery returned last Thursday from Chattanooga, having closed a good meeting.

The young people of Moreland took a long ride last Wednesday night. They went almost to Danville and then back to Junction City. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Neal chartered the party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cox and family are visiting relatives here.

The Moreland Dramatic Club will soon have diamonds and hearts ready for presentation.

The ball game played here last Thursday between Moreland and Cedar Orchard resulted 18 to 5 in favor of Moreland.

## RAH FOR RODNEY

(Harradale Herald)

Through the wantonness of County Attorney Keenon Mercer county is likely to get a good sum of money in the treasury. It will be remembered that at the last October term of court, Mr. Keenon secured a judgment for \$1,500 against the Goodyear Machinery Company. The prosecution grew out of the purchase of a truck crusher by the county last year, and the indictment was based on the anti-trust statute. The Machinery Company is a Pennsylvania corporation and paid no attention to the suit. Mr. Keenon had an eye to the windward, however, and found out that Spencer county owned the Machinery Company \$1,200 and in order to collect the Mercer county judgment he attached this money. Then the Machinery Company sat up, and took notice and showed fight. It filed a counter claim and asked that the \$1,500 judgment be set aside on the grounds that the company had received no notice of the first case in which the judgment was rendered, and that the summons was not served on an agent of the company. Judge Walker said that it was too late for the company to begin "hostilities," and decided in favor of Mercer county. It looks as if Mercer will be able to collect the judgment.

## TRANSYLVANIA WONT LET HOPPER GO

INTERESTING DISCUSSION ON YOUNG PREACHER BY PRESBYTERY SUNDAY

An adjourned meeting of the Transylvania Presbytery, which recently met at Richmond, was held here on Sunday afternoon, on the day of the installation of Rev. P. L. Bruce, the new pastor of the Presbyterian church for the purpose of acting upon the case of Rev. Will Hopper, formerly of Stanford, who has just graduated from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Louisville and has been called to the pastorate of the congregation at Eminence. While taking his theological course, Rev. Hopper has been supplying for the church at Burnside and Pleasure, small congregations, and the leading members of the Transylvania Presbytery, in which they are located, seemed to be anxious that he continue to fill those pastorates, and it is said expressed a willingness to pay him the difference in salary between what these smaller churches can afford to give and what the congregation at Eminence offers.

The discussion of the case Sunday afternoon approached quite an interesting stage, and so strong in feeling said to have become, that when a final vote was taken, many of the members in attendance did not participate in the balloting. Mr. King, a prominent member of the Eminence congregation, came here in behalf of Mr. Hopper and the others who have received from the Henry county church, and made a vigorous argument in favor of his release by the Transylvania Presbytery.

Dr. Planton, of Danville, Rev. Strother, of Georgetown, having been unable to come, Miss Laura Kelly, the graduate, then read her essay, which was entitled "The Heritage of Tomorrow" handling the subject in a great deal of force and judgment.

Miss Lucy Hankins gave a violin solo, accompanied on the piano by Miss Lula Bates of Danville.

On Wednesday evening the hall was well filled with friends of the school, who despite the extreme heat had come out to hear the closing exercises. The invocation was said by Dr. U. V. Cook, of Danville, Rev. Strother, of Georgetown, having been unable to come. Miss Laura Kelly, the graduate, then read her essay, which was entitled "The Heritage of Tomorrow" handling the subject in a great deal of force and judgment.

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Dr. Cook followed this was a histrionic, half-serious talk on "Good Will." His talk was loudly applauded and was followed by Miss Lucile Rawlings on the violin. Following this Prof. H. A. Stump made the annual address to the graduates, which was followed by a violin solo by Frank McGraw. Then in a well timed and spoken address Prof. J. W. Rawlings presented the diploma to Miss Kelley, this being followed by the benediction. The singing of Miss Willie Benton Logsdon of the songs "See, Love, I bring thee Flowers" and "A Memory" was a feature of the occasion.

Sterling Chase, son of Dr. H. S. Chase of Somersett, was struck with appendicitis while here taking in the commencement. His father was telegraphed for and upon his arrival took the young man to the St. Elizabeth hospital in Lebanon, where an operation will be performed in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crow, of Danville, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crow and Mr. Matt Crow, left Wednesday for Hopkinsville.

Miss Shelby Mason, of Lancaster, is visiting Miss Willie Benton Logsdon.

Misses Ruth Boyd, of Indianapolis, and Margaret Overstreet and Lotte Westerfield, of Parksville, were guests of Mrs. H. G. Wilson during Commencement.

The remains of Mrs. Wilma Hamner, who died Wednesday, were buried in the local cemetery Thursday afternoon. She is survived by Ed. Porter, Oscar, Jim Hamner and Mrs. Blanche Blackley. She was 88 years of age.

Mrs. Margaret Brown left Monday for a visit of several weeks to her father, Mr. George Vermilion in Danville.

Miss Lonaeta Tingle has finished her school at the baton Rolling Fork and is now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Tingle.

Mrs. Mary Jenkins, aged 83, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Houston Friday evening, as a result of a fall in which she sustained a broken arm. She was the widow of the late Clinton Jenkins, of Huntington, and is survived by one daughter, Mrs. J. F. Houston. Her remains were taken to Hustonville Saturday afternoon, where they were buried in the cemetery at that place Sunday in the presence of a large crowd of friends and loved ones.

Miss Penry Evans, of Harrington, is the guest of Mrs. Kendrick Kelly.

Mrs. W. A. Reynolds has returned from a visit to Mrs. H. S. Chase in Somersett.

Mrs. Agnes Green is visiting in Danville, being the guest of Miss Marshall Palmer.

Mr. F. T. Burke is having the hardware shop occupied by Johnnie West painted.

Miss Lucille Brown, of Parksville, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Hankins, has returned to her home.

Mrs. William Cuskey, of Corbin, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary Fingers Wells.

Mrs. William Trooper and neice, Mrs. Anna Oberle left for Corbin Monday, where the latter will be with her

## THE KINGDOM OF HEART'S CONTENT

PRESENTED AT CLOSING EXERCISES OF JUNCTION CITY HIGH SCHOOL—PERSONAL NOTES

Junction City, May 29.—The exercises incidental to the closing of the Graded and High school in this city were opened last Wednesday evening at the Hall by members of the High school entertainers the patrons, patricoties, friends and well-wishers of the school. Delightful refreshments were served and the hall was too small to hold the crowd. On Thursday evening the play, "The Kingdom of Heart's Content" was presented by the High school members. This proved to be an admirable vehicle for the young actors and actresses, who acquitted themselves well. Several musical numbers between the acts served to entertain the crowd. These were played by Miss Lula Bates and her brother, Edgar, of Danville; Zeta Rogers and others of this place.

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had come out to hear the closing exercises. The invocation was said by Dr. U. V. Cook, of Danville, Rev. Strother, of Georgetown, having been unable to come. Miss Laura Kelly, the graduate, then read her essay, which was entitled "The Heritage of Tomorrow" handling the subject in a great deal of force and judgment.

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Sam Owens Hocker, who shot Sod Crabs to death in Jacksville some time ago, withdrew his plea of not guilty, through his Attorney George D. Moore, and entered a plea of guilty of involuntary manslaughter. He was sentenced to serve 9 months in the county jail at hard labor.

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# FRANKS

Bitterly Arraigns Judge O'Rear  
in Speech at Barbourville.

## OPENS CAMPAIGN FOR NOMINATION

Declares That Republicans Must Stand  
For Law Enforcement or Meet  
Political Ruin.

## DENOUNCES MOBS AND NIGHT RIDERS

Barbourville, Ky., May 22.—Starley

If ever in the history of Kentucky has one candidate for the nomination for Governor of the State so irresistibly sustained another as E. T. Franks arraigned Judge O'Rear in his opening speech here today. After declaring for redistricting, for tax revision, for better schools and better roads, for the endorsement of the county unit plan advocated in the two platforms, Mr. Franks said that the most important matter before the people of the State today is the enforcement of the law, and he declared in effect that there are not enough night-riders and mob-members in the Republican party to nominate or elect a candidate who does not stand firmly for law and order. Mr. Franks' speech, which was heard and approved by a record-breaking crowd, was in part as follows:

When I made my announcement as a candidate for Governor, I stated that I would not make a speaking campaign for the nomination, giving as a reason my fear that it would engender bad feeling, and thus make it more difficult for us to win in November, but self-preservation is universally allowed to be the first law of nature, and if Judge O'Rear or any one else thinks that he can come and attack me in my own home without getting into a scrap, he is destined to a rude awakening when he tries it. Hence I have decided to take the stand in advocacy of my claims for the Republican nomination for Governor, and if it is speaking campaign that Judge O'Rear wants, I shall accommodate him to his heart's content, though I repeat my opinion that it would have been better for the party if no speeches had been made until after the July convention.

I have been here many times before. In every hard-fought battle that you have had for the past twenty years I have come to you all at the first call, and I have enjoyed my visits to your city very much indeed. I always feel at home in the mountains. I have campaigned so much in the mountains that I feel as much at home up here as I do in Jackson's Purchase, where I was born and reared, or in the Pennywile, where my home has been so long. In the last twenty years I have had the pleasure of speaking in one hundred and ten of the one hundred and sixteen counties of the State. Wherever I have spoken, my views on the fundamental principles of the Republican party are well known.

The natural resources of Kentucky are not surpassed in importance or equaled in variety by those of any other State. Her shores are washed by more miles of navigable streams than are possessed by any other State; her soil is as fertile as the Delta of the Nile; many of her mountains and valleys are covered with virgin timber that has never yet heard the sound of the woodman's ax; no State has more coal, and none can produce it more cheaply; we have fluorspar, lead, zinc, and the best quality of fire-clays in abundance. There is enough water power unused and going to waste, to operate every wheel and spire in the State without using a bucket of coal and reticulum coal can be delivered at our furnace doors at a lower cost than almost anywhere else on this earth. We are in close proximity to the fast-developing Southland, where there awaits us a ready market for everything that we manufacture. We have the natural resources, and we have the men to develop them. A braver and more patriotic citizenship, on the whole, is not to be found in any State, and why should not Kentucky long to the front as one of the leading States of the Union in farming, in manufactures, in mining, in education and in all the varied interests of a great people inhabiting a great land?

For years we have been shipping our raw material elsewhere. It has been worked up and shipped back to us, we paying the freight both ways and losing the potential profit. Why do we not manufacture at home? There must be a reason. What is it? There is something radically wrong, or these conditions would not exist. I will tell you what is wrong. Our taxing system is wrong, and we do not enforce our laws or preserve public order.

We should begin our program of change by altering our apportionment laws, so as to give every citizen of the State equal representation. I do not hesitate to say that our apportionment laws are a disgrace to civilization, a crime in the garb of law, and should make every honest man of whatever party hang his head in shame when he thinks of the great injustice that has been done to the people by Democratic legislators, who cared not for the public good, but for the bidding of those enemies of the State who had before them and in them nothing but their lust for continued power as a necessary condition of their political existence.

**Mob Rule and Night Riders.**  
There should be a change in our laws relative to mobs. Better protection should be given to persons accused of crime, whether such persons are in jail or in the hands of arresting officers. It is a practice all too common in Kentucky for men to hang

themselves together, generally under cover of darkness, and take from the officers of the law persons accused of offenses more or less grave, and put them to death.

I favor a law giving the Governor the right, under certain conditions, to remove from office any officer or jailor who shall permit a rush to take from such officer or from the jail any prisoner charged with any crime whatever.

This law has been recently invoked with good effect by a Democratic Governor in Ohio and by a Republican Governor in Illinois, and we should have such a law in Kentucky. Kentucky has for years been clamoring for more business and inviting immigration. More than one million immigrants landed in the United States in 1910, nearly 200,000 of them farm laborers. How many of them came to Kentucky? A surprisingly small number. Where did they go? To every place except Kentucky. But that is not the worst. A great number of those we already had—citizens of Kentucky—have gone away within the past year. You can scarcely travel on a train leaving Kentucky that you do not see our Kentuckians flocking to other States, seeking homes in a distant land—and why is it? You can talk for business, you can talk for immigration, you can talk prosperity for our State until you grow hoarse, but it does no good.

**Law and Order Must Come First.**  
First, and before everything else in this world, must come law and order. Fewer mobs and less of the mob spirit and the certain and spasmodic enforcement of the law will convince



E. T. FRANKS

the world that we mean what we say, and then we shall get men and money from everywhere. Money and men joined together make business, and when we shall have them Old Kentucky will blossom as the rose. I think it necessary for our citizens at this time to speak out on no uncertain terms for law and order. A country or a State or a nation that will not protect its citizens, from the highest to the humblest, and all alike, is not worthy of its name and place, and the right to govern should be taken from it.

**Condition.** It is needless for me to say to you that I am a Republican, holding fast to all the fundamental principles of the party, and that reason that I am not in the right Republican. I do not allow Senator LaFollette and Senator Bourne to do my thinking, and I do not propose to follow where they lead. I addressed an article in a Louisville paper to May 1, with a Washington date line, saying that LaFollette and Bourne are likely to lead a new national ticket.

My friend, Judge O'Rear, in apologizing for some of the things in his platform, said that such well-known Republicans as Senator LaFollette and Senator Bourne had been advocating them for years. Judge O'Rear may follow where they lead if he wishes, but I say to you that I will not.

I asked a friend a few days ago if he believed in a progressive Republican. "That depends," he said. "There are three ways: a man can progress and be a progressive Republican. One way is toward the Republican party, another way is toward the Democratic party, and the third toward what was once known as the Populist party. It depends on which way a man progresses whether I believe in him as a progressive Republican or not."

That reminds me of an inscription I once read on a tombstone: "Take up thy cross and follow me." A wise motto:

"Follow you I'm not intent

Thou I find out which way you went."

The so-called progressive or ignorant Republicans of the House and Senate have been very kind to President Taft in the past fifteen months, but he ought to feel very kindly toward them. They have succeeded in getting him a Democratic House by a sixty-seven majority, and counting LaFollette, Bourne, Clapp, Pindexter, Clegg, and Biddle with the Democrats (as they won't vote with the Republicans), they have also given Mr. Taft a Democratic Senate. I am one of those who believe in the platform adopted at Chicago in 1908, and I propose to stand by that platform and contend for the faith expressed in it until the party shall speak again with the same authority Progressive?

Why, the Republican party is the most progressive party that has had an existence under this government in the last hundred years. It looks back from four million slaves and made them freemen. It fought the greatest war of modern times and preserved the Union of States, making it the greatest nation in the history of man. It assumed specific payments and made every dollar in the land as good as every other dollar. It set the seal of condemnation on the Democratic nightmare of rag money. It fought free silver to the death and there are now none to mourn its departure.

I am rooted and grounded in the faith that we must have protection for American industry and American labor in order to have and maintain prosperity in this country.

I think it proper that I should make

myself thoroughly understood as to that great army of men who till the soil, the farmers of Kentucky, because it has been said by some who are supporting other candidates that some of the farmers of Kentucky would vote against me because of what I said about the Night Riders in a speech I delivered at Hopkinsville in 1908. I do not hold to the belief that Republican farmers are against me on that account or any other account. I was reared on a farm. I have helped the farmers, my neighbors, to build their homes, roll their logs, grow their tobacco, thresh their wheat, make up their molasses—in fact, I have done some of every kind of work known to the farming fraternity in this state. I have mixed and mingled with them all my life. I know the farmers of Kentucky, who they are and what they stand for, and I am proud that so many of them know me, as I am proud to know them.

In that speech at Hopkinsville I stated that if I were a farmer I would belong to all of their organizations that sought in a lawful way to enhance the price of farm products. I believe the farmers have a right to organize for self-protection, and I would be glad to see every farmer in the land take a greater interest in the welfare of every other farmer. I know the hardships through which the farmer passes each year as he toils to make an honest living for himself and those dependent upon him, exting two acres a day by lamplight the year round, taking chances with the elements, to have his crop destroyed by drought or flood, and, should he escape both and gather abundantly at harvest time, to have great combinations of wealth to sit in judgment on the prices, forcing them down sometimes below the cost of production. This is the common lot of the farmer in Kentucky. I know these things are hard, and they should be remedied at once—but who is to do it? The Democratic party will not do it, because it has controlled legislation in Kentucky since 1885 without a break, except at one time the Republicans had the House, but the Democrats controlled the Senate. If there is no law in Kentucky to punish great combinations of wealth, formed and used to oppress the people, it is the fault of the Democratic party and not the fault of the Republican party. I promise, if elected Governor, to enforce impartially, without fear or favor, such existing laws as may be invoked against the employment of capital in a manner oppressive to the people, and to use all the power that may be at my command to secure the passage of laws that will effectually break up these wrongful operations of capital. That is the remedy and the only remedy.

"But," one will say, "we can not get our officers to enforce the law." Then you should elect men who will enforce the law. But for God's sake, for the sake of your State, your home and your family do not undertake to secure redress through the mob. A mob never settled anything except to bring disgrace upon the community, and forever lame those who engaged in the mob. It is an insult to any honest farmer to say that he will get mad at you for denouncing mobs. Mobs are nearly every instance composed of cowards and of the lower elements in the community, and for one man to become enraged when you denounce a mob will naturally cause the public to think that he was either in the mob or was in sympathy with it. And a man that is in sympathy with the mob and does not join it if he has the opportunity, is a greater coward than those who do join, and that is the reason he does not join.

**Assassins.** Judge O'Rear on Mob Rule.

Judge O'Rear had something to say about mobs in his speech at Hopkinsville, a part of which I endorse and a part of which I do not endorse. He said, in speaking of the attitude of Governor Wilson toward him: "The governor knew my views on the situation, but at his instance I had several conferences with him on the subject. I said in the speech the Governor was to be commended for his efforts to restore peace and protect life and property, as well as to bring to punishment the violators of the law."

If Judge O'Rear had stopped there the world would have said: "Well done, good and faithful servant." But listen to what he said next, which quoted all that had gone before: "But I further said that in my opinion the disorders were symptomatic; that they reflected the feeling of resentment of many growers that they had suffered long oppression, and that the law had not afforded them any remedy; that the surest way to prevent similar outbreaks was to remove the cause of them; that the growers could not be convinced that they were not being outrageously oppressed by threats of punishment; that you could not push an idea through an Anglo-Saxon's head with a bayonet."

What does Judge O'Rear mean by that? Does he mean to say that the Governor ought not to have called out soldiers to prevent murder, rape and intimidation? He says: "The farmers were being depressed by threats. The disorders were symptomatic."

Which no one denies, but we differ as to the remedy. Does he mean by that that the right way to settle the troubles was through the mob, the torch and the whipping post? Why should he not say: "Gentlemen, your troubles are real and your grievances great, but your remedy is in the law and you must not take it into your own hands." He says:

"The growers could not be convinced that they were not being outrageously oppressed by threats of punishment." As threatening the honest tobacco growers. The only threats that anybody heard of were against the Night Riders and by the Night Riders. Nobody made any threats against the honest tobacco growers except the night riders. I protest against Judge O'Rear or any one else placing the night rider and the honest tobacco grower upon the same level or in the same class, and again ask, Who threatened the honest tobacco growers?

Judge O'Rear said:

"You can not push an idea through an Anglo-Saxon's head with a bayonet."

Who were these "Anglo-Saxons" who you speak of that the soldiers were sent out to suppress? Were they not night riders? Judge O'Rear knew

that the soldiers never molested any one except night riders. If the officers of the law in the counties where these night riders lived and did their work could not or would not suppress them, do you mean to say that the soldiers could not change their ideas from those of mob members to those of peaceful citizens? They were killing people, they were burning homes, they were laying cities in ashes, they were robbing whole communities; they were driving men from the State. These men were being threatened, and no one else was threatened—and yet the judge says that you could not push an idea through their heads with a bayonet. And again he says:

"If, however, any opponent, Democrat or Republican, cares to take up the other side, I am prepared to meet him on the subject."

I will take the other side and make my appeal to the law-abiding people of Kentucky. I am willing to abide by their decision, even on his statement made at Hopkinsville, and ignore his statement at Frankfort, that he waited three years to explain, and which he did not then explain until he became a candidate for Governor.

Of course the Democrats are not going to fight Judge O'Rear now. They want him nominated, and will hold their fire until after the nominations are made. But I here and now enter my solemn protest against the nomination by the Republican party of the views on law and order that have been expressed publicly by Judge O'Rear. Whenever the Republican party, the party of Lincoln, of Grant, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, forsakes the principles of Law and Order and wrinkles at mobs and mob violence, it should go into exile and never again boast of more than half a century of the greatest achievements known to political history.

Judge O'Rear may have thought he was right when he made that statement, and if the people think he said the right thing or the thing that ought to have been said at that time, everything else being equal, he should be nominated, but when you do nominate him, if you do, you have struck a blow at the very cornerstone of civil liberty. You should think well before making your decision.

The conference to which Judge O'Rear alludes was called by the Governor just after the night riders had put the torch to Princeton, Hopkinsville and Russellville, and about the time that Hiram Hedges was murdered in cold blood by the night riders in the presence of his wife and babies and in his own home. It was at this time that lovers of law and order should have had their wives about them. They should have said and done the right thing at the right time. The eyes of the world were on Kentucky, and she cried: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Then why is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

We all agree that the trust was doing wrong, and for that wrong they ought to have been punished, but there was a way and a place. They should have been taken to the proper forum, where the weak and the strong meet upon a common level. Chapter 101, Kentucky Statutes, beginning with Section 3.035, provides a way, and no one was better prepared than Judge O'Rear to explain the line of procedure. That statute fixes a fine of from \$500 to \$2,000, or six months to twelve months in the county jail, or the court may fine and imprison at the discretion of the jury. Proceedings could have been brought by any one of 119 County Attorneys or by any one of thirty-four Commonwealth Attorneys. The courts are open always, and Judge O'Rear, sitting in the court of last resort, could have seen to it that justice was given them if the cases ever got to his court. Why did he not advise what line to pursue instead of saying:

"You can not push an idea through an Anglo-Saxon's head with a bayonet?" There is no place in this land of the free and home of the brave for mobs and the mob spirit. I think that every man at that peace conference should have said that law and order must reign and that peace must be established, and those in that conference should have met mob violence with that stern determination that would have convinced all that law-breakers could find no encouragement at the State Capitol, and especially none from a member of the Court of Appeals of the State. But, instead, Judge O'Rear threw a bombshell into the camp of Law and Order that kindled more fire in the breasts of the night riders and mob sympathizers than all the speeches and all the editorials that had gone before. Why? because at that time he was a member of the Court of Appeals of the State, the court of last resort. If I am not mistaken, he was Chief Justice of that court, the man of all men who should have counseled obedience to the law.

The law-breakers had a right to think that if the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals should feel that way about their acts, they had not to fear any trouble from the inferior courts or from officers clothed with less power. That very speech gave Judge O'Rear the sympathy of every night rider in Kentucky. It was carried from neighborhood to neighborhood, from county to county, wherever these sons of darkness had an organization. "It was told in Gath and it was published in the streets of Ascalon," until every night rider in the State began to sing the praises of Judge O'Rear. At the same time, however, his speech drove from him a greater number of law-and-order men, so that he lost more than he gained.

And there is another thing that should be taken into consideration. Night riders, as a rule, are confined to Democratic localities, and they have but little to do in Republican conventions and Republican elections. I do not mean to give offense, but the records show that night riding flourishes only in Democratic strongholds, with but one single exception. That exception is Christian County, but I do not mean any reflection on Christian County, God bless her. She has

approximately few night riders of her own, but she has suffered grievously at the hands of the lawmen from other Democratic counties. The mob that destroyed her beautiful city came from another county. They travel from one county to another. There are not many of them, although Judge O'Rear thinks there are enough of them to nominate him for Governor. He is mistaken. They can not get into Republican conventions. If all the Republican night riders in Kentucky should attend the convention in Christian County, where he opened his campaign, there would not be enough of them to carry that county for Judge O'Rear, because there are more law and order people in Christian County than there are Republican night riders in the entire State of Kentucky. They are nearly all Democrats, and Judge O'Rear is supposed to be a Republican; but, to read his speech, one might have some doubt.

Yet Hopkinsville is where Judge O'Rear went to open his campaign, and before the ink was dry on his announcement as a candidate he pitched his tent in Dawson Springs, Dawson Springs, where the night riders visited one of the leading hotels about the time of his Frankfort speech, and took therefrom one of the guests of the hotel, dragged him to the river bank, whipped him and made him leave the country, and today, on account of the night riders he is forced to make his home in a distant State. The Judge, while at the Springs, was in daily communion with his friends in that part of the State, and doubtless received many assurances of support—from the Democratic night riders.

He capped the climax by opening his campaign at Hopkinsville, where the night-riders troubles a mob, estimated to contain from two hundred to three hundred men, all masked, visited the city under cover of darkness, shooting up the plain glass fronts from one end of the main street to the other, bursting tobacco factories, shooting a railroad engineer off his engine, whipping people and committing almost every crime and outrage known to night riders.

Judge O'Rear may have thought he was right when he made that statement, and if the people think he said the right thing or the thing that ought to have been said at that time, everything else being equal, he should be nominated, but when you do nominate him, if you do, you have struck a blow at the very cornerstone of civil liberty. You should think well before making your decision.

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But, gentlemen, is that the way to bring capital to your State? The foreign investor, when contemplating coming among us, will ask the question, "Who is your Governor? What stand did he take during your night-riders troubles?" Which side was he on?" Judge O'Rear's friends are boasting that he went into my district to open his campaign, and a paper supporting him said, "O'Rear has heeded the blow in his den." There were eight other districts in the State which had no candidates for Governor, and in courtesy he might have gone to any one of those. Not satisfied with invading my district, he has designs on my county, as is evident by the letters he is writing to the precinct committeemen of that community. Since Judge O'Rear made his announcement I have not so much as sent a letter to his district. Courtesy demands certain things of a candidate for the high office of Governor, and no man understands that courtesy better than Judge O'Rear, but ambition has dethroned courtesy, and the temptation was so great that he could not resist it. Judge O'Rear, of course, will not be invited to his district, he has designs on my county, as he sees fit, but when a man comes into my district and throws down the gauntlet, and all because my stand for law and order, for peace and quiet and security, and the rights of the citizen, much as I opposed and am opposed by a speaking campaign for the nomination, I accept the gauntlet of battle, and to the best of my ability will defend my cause. The Republicans everywhere say that my stand for law and order was right, but some who are supporting other candidates say that if I should be nominated the night riders would vote against me. Of course they will vote against me, but for every night-riders Republican that I lose I shall get two Democrats, law-and-order Democrats, in this place. I have no fear of the result on that score. Give me the nomination and I will take care of the night riders.





# SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles and at last was almost in despair. I went to the doctor and they did me no good, so my sister induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and when I had taken only two bottles I could see a big change. In fact, in six bottles I was cured. I can't tell you how I feel today. I have had no trouble since and I am still entering a full five years. I thank the Vegetable Compound."



Lydia E. Pinkham, founder of the compound, is shown here. She is a woman of great beauty and grace, with a kind and gentle expression. She is wearing a simple, light-colored dress and a necklace. Her hair is styled in an updo. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape.

## TO TRAVELERS.

I am the agent in this section for the Great American Steamship Line to all European points. See me, when you think of traveling.

W. LANDGRAF,  
Waynesburg, Ky.



## BETSY'S POINTERS:

"What has become of the old fashioned cook who had something on the stove that would not be done until day after tomorrow? But promptness governs the day. If you want up to date groceries you immediately think of Coffey & Coleman."

Try a "never fail" kerosene can for 90 days. If not the best you ever saw or used, bring it back and get your money. That's the way we sell it.

COFFEY & COLEMAN,  
Phone 196. Prompt Delivery.

**Fresh Oysters  
SERVED IN ANY  
STYLE.**

THE BEST  
MEALS - IN  
STANFORD  
Carson's - Restaurant  
W. A. CARSON, PROP.



## FOR SUMMER DRIVING

the comfort of both horses and drivers should be specially considered by securing a proper outfit of lap robes, blankets, fly nets and other necessities from our complete assortment of horse goods. Here are light, but strong and durable, single and double harness, admirably suited to road purposes, along with a full line of work harness of the best quality at flat prices.

J. C. McCRARY, Stanford.

## PERSONAL and SOCIAL

T. Alford Phillips spent Saturday and Sunday in London. Homer Wray is out again after a severe attack of mumps.

Greenberry Heldt and reported and moved into the V. C. property on June 20th. Mr. Fred Sampson, of Louisville, is doing the work of his trade. Said Mrs. N. W. Johnson.

Mrs. Andra, of Louisville, is dead. Said of H. W. Weller.

On Friday evening, the 20th, Mrs. C. C. Bryant

came to the C. A. Anderson's home to see the doctor and to be comforted. Her husband, Mr. C. A. Anderson, was a doctor.

The C. A. Anderson's home is located at 18th and 1st Street, Louisville.

J. L. Gandy and wife are members of Monday's meeting of the Knights of Columbus.

The Name Woods, of 18th and 1st Street, Louisville, is a member of the Knights of Columbus.

W. L. Fields

W. L. Fields, of 18th and 1st Street, Louisville, is a member of the Knights of Columbus.

The stars and stripes have been taken down at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fields.

Mrs. Mattie Lee Hubble returned from Lexington last Friday night, where she graduated with high honors from Transylvania College. Mrs. Hubble went over and attended the commencement exercises.

R. G. Wilcox, cashier of the bank at Nelson, Pleasington county, spent a day at his old home in Lexington, and with his many relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Loomis and son motored up from Louisville and spent several days in the company of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fields.

Mr. Edward Wilson, of the Wilsons, returned from Charlotte, N.C., where he attended the 11th anniversary of the Southern Baptist Association.

Postmaster John E. Galt, of Louisville, attended the Postmaster's meeting. He was the guest of Dr. H. L. Davison while here.

Mr. Wilton Steverson has been confined to his bed for several days with a badly sprained ankle.

Mrs. W. H. Shanks will entertain

for Miss Sadie Taylor Woods with a dinner at 6 o'clock Monday, June 24th, at her beautiful home on Linton Avenue.

Mrs. Sam J. Embry, Jr., will entertain for Mrs. Woods and her bride at a party at dinner on the wedding day, Tuesday, June 25th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shanks.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shanks will entertain for Mrs.



FOR PUBLIC SERVICE SEASON OF 1911.  
The Sensational Performer and Splendidly Bred Registered Saddle Stallion

## CARROLL PRESTON--4383

(A. S. H. R.)

Bay horse star and hind ankles white, 15.3 1-4, foaled 1906.  
Sire, Preston 922 by Washington 34 by Cromwell 73 by Washington Den  
mark 64 Preston's dam was Belle by Roderick 104 by Mambrino LeGrand  
99 by Highland Chief and the dam of Roderick was by a son of Peters' Hal-  
corn 3241.

1st Dam Baby Pence 7049..... By Enoch Arden  
2nd Dam Lady Pence..... By Almont Forest 2863.  
3rd Dam..... By Garrard Chief.

CARROLL PRESTON is the finest individual and best performer in  
Central Kentucky and proved himself one of the most formidable ring  
horses out last season. He is one of the greatest racking horses seen in  
years and has a splendid trot with a world of speed and action. His colts  
are proving him a coming sire and are the kind that will sell high. Will  
stand at the low fee of \$25.00 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT at A. T. Nun-  
nally's Stock Yards in Stanford.

Good pasture and care at prevailing rates. Lien retained on colt until  
service is paid. Best of care, but not responsible for accidents. Address,

W. O. WALKER, Stanford, Ky.

(Carroll Preston is nominated in The Saddle Horse Futurity Stake.)

## Garrard Chief. 1835

Bay stallion 15-3 hands, foaled summer 1902, said by good judges to be  
one of the finest stallions living. He is a perfect image of his great sire  
Chester Dare 10. Mr. J. C. Graves who raised and showed Chester Dare  
10 says it is almost impossible for two horses to be more alike than Gar-  
rard Chief 1835 and Chester Dare 10. Col. W. A. Barriger of Shelbyville, Ky.,  
has judged this horse at the Texas State Fair several times says he is as  
fine a horse as he ever saw. Garrard Chief won the championship of  
the South West at Dallas in 1908, 1909, 1910 and during that time his colts  
won more than any other herd shown there in saddle classes. At Fort  
Worth Horse Show in March 1910 Garrard Chief won first in breeding  
class for saddle stallions and age over 15 good ones, he also won at same  
place first for five-gaited saddle stallion mare or gelding. He will make the  
season of 1911 four miles from Stanford on Hustonville pike at \$25 to insure  
a living colt. Mares grazed \$2.50 per month. Care taken to prevent accidents  
but not responsible should any occur.

J. H. MURPHY,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

PURE BRED POULTRY.  
Barred Plymouth Rock eggs, 500  
for 15. Robert B. Carter, Stanford,  
Ky., R. F. D. No. 2 242.

Those Fighting Game Chickens.  
THE GREY GRISTS.  
The Prettiest Fowls in the World  
Eggs 15 for \$3.00  
S. J. EMBRY, JR.

For Sale—Indian Runner Duck Eggs.  
\$1 for setting of 12.  
THE Indian Runner is known as the  
Leighorn of the duck family, for Eggs  
Mrs. D. E. Proctor, Phone 193.

Barred Plymouth eggs for sale, \$1  
for 15. Also Indian Runner duck eggs  
\$1 for 12. Mrs. Anderson Nunnelley,  
McClure Route, Moreland, Ky.

BUFF ORPINGTON  
Eggs For Sale 15 for \$1  
C. C. WITHERS, R. F. D. No. 2.  
Phone 143-1 1-2.  
Stanford, Ky.

Pure Crescent S. C. White Leghorns.  
Eggs for setting. Miss Lizzie Davison,  
Phone 15.

Pure bred Black Minoras  
Eggs \$1 per setting  
Mrs. W. H. Wearen, Stanford.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.  
Huff Orpingtons, \$1 and \$2 per 15  
Black Minoras..... \$1 for 15  
Perry Range Silver Laced Wyandottes  
50 cents for 15. Satisfactory hatch  
guaranteed.

Miss Anne H. Tribble, Danville, Ky.

S. C. White Leghorne—Diamond  
strain year 'round layers of large,  
white eggs \$1 per setting.  
A. C. Alford Stanford, Ky.

Choice White Wyandotte cockerels.  
Eggs \$1.50 for 15. Mrs. J. N. Cash,  
Stanford.

THOROUGHBRED S. C., R. I., REDS  
Eggs for sale \$1 for 15  
Imported Cock at Head of Yards.  
D. M. WALKER, Stanford, Phone 130.

If you want birds that lay in winter,  
when eggs are high. Get the S. C.  
Bull Orpingtons. Eggs \$1 for 15.  
W. K. Kincaid, Phone 193, Stanford. 2t

Indian Runner duck eggs for sale,  
\$1.00 for 12 day at 5 months old.  
Cook's famous perpetual layers. Mrs.  
R. M. Tate, R. D. No. 1 Hustonville.

S. C. Brown Leghorn eggs, 50 cents  
per setting. Mrs. J. M. Cress, R. F. D.  
No. 4, Stanford. Phone 380 G. Lan-  
caster, Ky.

Imported stock Buff Orpington eggs  
75 cents for 15. Baby chicks \$2 per  
dozen. Mrs. W. J. Holtzclaw, Stan-  
ford, Ky., Route No. 1 Phone 53-3 1-2

S. A. HILL  
Breeder of finest strain  
Single Comb Rhode Island Reds  
Stock and eggs for sale in season. R.  
F. D. No. 3 Lancaster Ky.

Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. For  
hatching of the finest breeding. Our  
chickens are large, big boned, and  
well barred. Eggs 15 for \$1.00 for  
50. Mrs. S. K. Dudderar, R. R. No. 2  
Lancaster Ky.

Fine strain S. C. White Leghorns  
Heavy laying strain. Eggs \$1 for 15  
Mrs. J. H. McKeon, King's Mountain,  
Ky.

MR. PROPERTY OWNER—Stop!  
Consider! Why not use the best  
possible when YOU pay the bill?

## Hanna's Green Seal

Stands for everything that is best in paint.  
The pigments used are properly proportioned  
and thoroughly compounded.

STUDY THE FORMULA AS SHOWN ON EACH PACKAGE

"HANNA'S GREEN SEAL PAINT is Made to Wear"

FOR SALE BY  
L. L. SANDERS,..... CRAB ORCHARD KY  
GEORGE B. PRUITT,..... MORELAND KY



## Don Varrick

This magnificently bred young stallion will make the season of 1911 at my stable near Stanford, Ky., on the Shelly City pike at \$15 to insure a living colt. Don Varrick is 16-2 hands a beautiful chestnut, short neck heavy bone in fact the highest type of the trotter and perfect disposition. He is by the great Onward Silver 2-05 14, that won the \$5,000 Transylvania in a seven heat race in 1902 and the same year won the \$10,000 Bonner Memorial and the M. and M. all in broken hours and sold for \$21,000 and later for \$25,000. Don Varrick is bred exactly like Spanish Queen that won the \$5,000 Transylvania in 1908 making a record of 2:07 and was classed as one of the four, being one of the greatest money winners on the grand circuit in 1908.

Onward Silver is by Onward, one of the greatest and best sons of George Wilkes. Onward's dam was the wife of Director, the sire of that great family of trotters and pacers. Don Varrick's 1st dam was by Wilkes Italy, by George Wilkes a full sister to The Way 2-15-14 and half sister to Madeline Patch on the dam of Hubber 2-10, Winchester 2-19-34, Billy Wilton 2-20, and Miss H. 2-30 2nd dam Mary by Hogg's Grey Eagle the dam of The Way and Madeline Patch.

Don Varrick's dam produced Dr. Conner, that placed a public half mile on the Lexington track at 16 months 1-10 3-4 and sold to N. W. Hubinger of New Haven for \$1,000 she also produced Maggie Igo, that trotted a mile on the same track at 16 months old in 1:11 and sold for \$500. Don Varrick, in fast gait and always on the trot, very rarely ever leaves his feet. In 6 weeks handling last fall he trotted a quarter on half mile track in 1:4 1-2. See him in 1:10 and the outside of track. Please note, the rich inheritance of speed on both sides, not a missing link for generations. Breed to this fellow and you can't miss the four things every breeder looks for size, disposition, speed and looks. See him before booking your mare. Season money due when mare is parted with or bred to another horse. Mares kept at 10 cents per day and all or taken, will not be responsible for incidents or escapes. Don Varrick is a 2-10 trotter if he had the proper handling.

### CLIFTON AND RUSSELL

Clifton is a black jack with light points, 5-years-old last September, 15-12 hands high with a switchless head and ear, well set on a rangy neck has plenty bone and substance and as a breeder he is not surprised.

### RUSSELL

is a black jack with light points, 5-years-old last August, full 15-3 hands high with as much finish and action as a horse and as a breeder he is the equal of my jack. Both of these jacks will serve mares at \$10 to insure a living colt. Trading the jacks forfeits the insurance. Unh., will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Jennets will be cared for after June 1st, at \$20 to insure a living colt.

F. P. WOODS,  
J. H. WOODS

## Beau Nabor 45006

By NABOTH 10 1/2,

by Walsingham b, George Wilkes  
Beau Nabor's dam, Nona Bright-  
man by Norval 5-05, by Kleetowner  
12-2, 2d dam Lain J by Metropoli-  
tan 10-2 by Hamilton 10; 3d dam  
by Superior by Mambrino Starlight 9-12  
by Durban 4-11; 4th dam Mary Wilkes  
by Oliver (throughbred); 5th dam  
by Wenzler; 6th dam by Imp Trampy,  
7th dam by Thornton's Trotter.

Beau Nabor is a handsome bay  
standing 15-1-2 hands of great style  
and action and perfect disposition. He  
is a proven breeder, and Mrs. C. W.  
Cunningham, the "Electroner-Wilkes  
cross" is second to none.

Beau Nabor will make the season  
of 1911 at A. T. Nunnelly's stock  
yards at \$15 to insure a living colt.  
Money due when mare is traded or  
parted with or bred elsewhere.

J. M. PETTUS,  
Stanford, Ky.

## George Hur

The great draft stallion that has  
made his own rep., will make the season  
of 1911 at my place on the Souter-  
set pike at \$10 to insure a living colt.  
He is the sire of the Joe Chanceller  
horse that sold for \$750 at J. H.  
Boughman's big sale last fall. "Nuff  
Sed. And Clarence Tate refused \$450  
for a pair of 2-year-old fillies by him.

### JESEE AND ENRIQUE

The great show pony Jesse and  
another fine Shetland stallion will  
make the season at my place. Every-  
body knows Jesse, the other pony  
the erne little horse, Enrique is de-  
scribed in the American Shetland Pony  
Club as follows: Certificate of regis-  
tration. This certificate that there  
was registered in Volume 10 Club  
or standard number 10273 of the  
American Shetland Pony Club stud  
known as Enrique of Pennocken white  
and black head, white star and snip;  
under part of neck black extending to  
knees, large black spot under belly  
extending up flanks and sides; lower  
half of tail black; small black spot on  
left side of back. Foaled May 29 1909  
Sire, The Major of Pennocken 9021  
Dam Lady Gray 6949. Bred by L. C.  
Price.

M. S. BAUGHMAN,  
Stanford, Ky.

If you really want a clean, sweet  
pure stomach, free from gas, sourness  
and distress go to Penny's Drug Store  
to day and get a 50-cent box of Milona  
stomach tablets on the money back  
plan.

## All Peavine, 4092.



### POWHATAN.

Description and Breeding.—Six years  
old; 16-3 hands; a rich colored bay  
with as much style and action as any  
body's horse. Sired by Dignity Dare;  
1st dam Minnie by Rienzi; this is the  
same Owens mare that has produced  
as many good colts as any mare in  
Lincoln county. This horse is in no ex-  
periment. I purchased him from L. H.  
Owens after looking at his colts for  
two seasons. He is a breeder second  
to none in Lincoln county. See him  
before you breed your mares.

TERMS.—\$10 to insure a living colt.

POWHATAN.

Description and Breeding.—5-years-  
old; 16-3 hands high; a good colored  
chestnut with best of bone, confor-  
mation, style and action. Sired by Pea-  
vine 1786; 1st dam by Peavine 221;  
2d dam by Warren Harris Denmark;  
3d dam by John Nosley, he by Davie  
Crockett.

NOTE.—In offering the services of  
this young stallion to the public, I  
do not hesitate to say he is without a  
doubt the best stallion in reach of the  
people of Lincoln county and adjoining  
counties both in individuality and  
blood. He has as much Peavine blood  
as is possible to get in one horse and  
that is the breeding that is in de-  
mand today. If you have any doubt  
about that, compare the prices I have  
sold them for with any other breed  
in the country.

TERMS.—\$25 to insure a living colt,  
or \$20 to insure a living colt until  
weaning time. See him before you  
breed your mares.

THREE GOOD MULE JACKS.

At the same time and place will  
stand my three good mule jacks at \$10  
to insure a living colt. Those jacks  
are taken to prevent accidents but not  
responsible should any occur.

TERMS.—\$10 to insure a living colt.

SILVER WOOD.

Silver Wood, son of Far Wood 1479-2  
record 2-12 1-2, brother to Nor Wood  
1-2, Floris 2-12 1-2 and eight others.

Far Wood 2-37 1-2 son of Nut Wood  
600 record 2-18 3-4, sire of Manager  
2-66 3-4, Luck Heart 2-08 1-2, Age-  
old 2-10 1-4, and 105 others. Nut Wood  
600, record 2-18 3-4, son of Belmont  
64. Silver Wood's first dam Princess  
by Vulture 2-29 1-2, he by Bel-  
mont 64, Vulture's dam Hambletonian  
1-2. Far Wood 1679-2 record 2-17 1-2,  
1st dam Nona Wilkes, dam of Nut  
Wood 2-12 1-2, Nona Wood 2-19 1-2,  
Nora Wilkes, by Geva Wilkes 510, 2-22  
Nut Wood 600, record 2-18 3-4, 1st  
dam Win Russell, dam of Mand 510.

SILVER WOOD is a black horse  
full 16 hands high, weight 1,200 pounds  
foaled in 1906, possesses great man-  
nerly style and all round action, extreme-  
ly fast, bone and substance. He has  
never been handled for speed but can  
get a 2-10 gate easy. Why should he  
not with his splendid pedigree, man-  
ner and kind disposition make a  
great sire.

SILVER WOOD will make the sea-  
son of 1911 at the barn of F. E. Fitz-  
patrick, 1-12 miles from Hubble on  
the Danville and Lancaster pike at  
ten dollars to insure a living colt up  
and all right.

W. L. SLOAN,  
Hubble, Ky.

### John

The well known Side Anderson Jack  
will make the season of 1911 at the  
barn of D. M. Anderson on the French-  
erville and Stanford pike one mile  
from Frencherville and 6 from Stan-  
ford at \$8.50 to insure a colt until  
weaning time.

SILVER KING.

Also at same place and at same  
time will stand the well known side  
horse Silver King. Best of care  
taken to prevent accidents but not  
responsible should any occur. John  
Higby, R. F. D. No. 4, or

D. M. ANDERSON Stanford. 27-4p

Silver Wood, son of Far Wood 1479-2

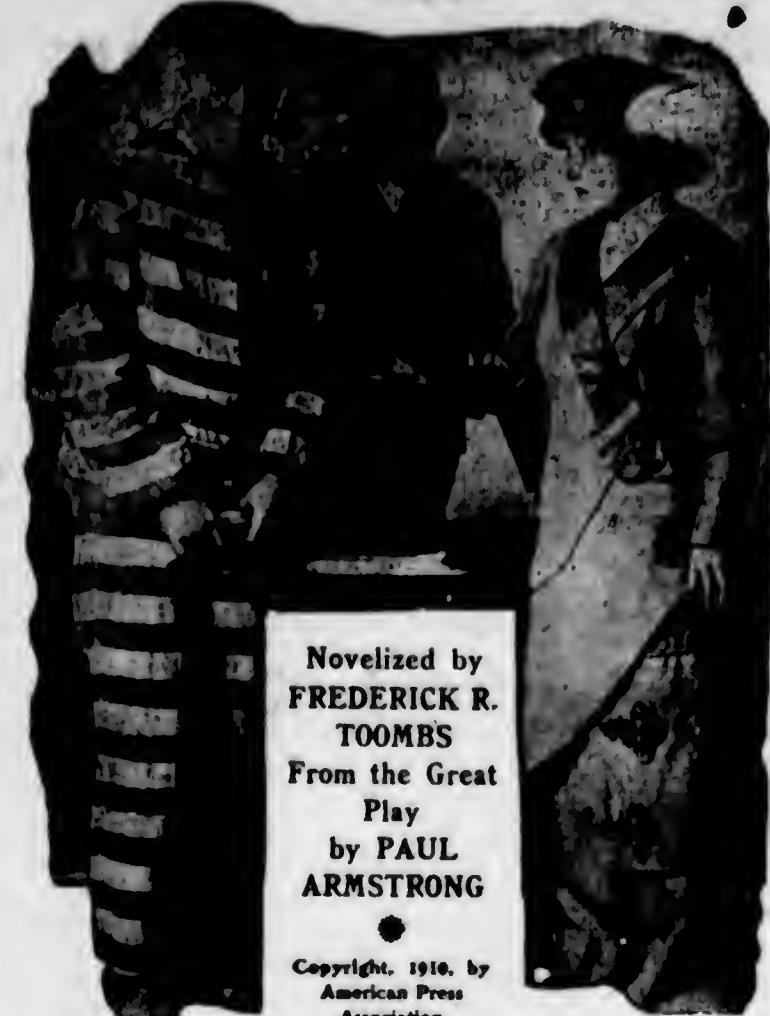
record 2-12 1-2, sire of Lady Constantine 2-11-1-2,

Floris 2-12 1-2 and eight others.

Far Wood 2-37 1-2 son of Nut Wood

600 record 2-18 3-4, sire of Manager

# "Alias Jimmy Valentine"



Novelized by  
FREDERICK R.  
TOOMBS  
From the Great  
Play  
by PAUL  
ARMSTRONG

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Association

VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

CONTINUED FROM LAST TUESDAY

One bright winter afternoon, three years after the day Jimmy Valentine began to "go it straight," a young



LEE RANDALL, ASSISTANT CASHIER.

boy, attired in black velvet knickerbockers, turned the knob of the door of the private office of the assistant cashier of the Fourth National Bank of Springfield, Ill. Hardly eleven years old, Robby Lane considered it the rarest treat of his life to be allowed a chance to invade this usually busy office and to play at being a banker.

The large office had two entrances, one leading into the hall of the large building and another leading into the tiled enclosure in which was being built a spacious new vault. In the middle of the room was a large mahogany desk. Near the hall door and close to the wall was a small mahogany writing table. Three or four comfortable chairs were scattered about the room.

On the glass of the hall door, glazed halfway to the top, was the inscription in trim black letters, "Lee Randall, Assistant Cashier."

And so it was with Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine, that Robby Lane, the banker's little son, was fond of romping away his (Robby's) idle hours and with whom he frequently enacted the role of an austere, uncompromising banker.

Very much the same Jimmy Valentine in appearance and manner, Mr. Randall had scored a signal success as assistant cashier, and neither Mr. Lane nor any other official or director had found in the three years occupied for the slightest adverse criticism of the new employee. In fact, he was deemed to be a most valuable acquisition to the executive staff of the bank and had evidenced unusual capacity as a detector of counterfeit notes and forged signatures on negotiable instruments. Yes, the assistant cashier was a man with a future of promise in store for him, and the Fourth National of Springfield had but a mouth before offered him the position of cashier, with a thousand dollars a year increase over his present salary. Not one official of the Fourth National could give a satisfactory reason for his refusal of the offer. "Very remarkable young man, very," was the comment of the president of the Fourth National when notified of the episode.

"Hurrah! Nobody in the office!" exclaimed Robby to his sister Kitty, who followed him into the room.

The children, prima favorites with the assistant cashier, were accustomed to do very much as they pleased with him or with his office at this late hour in the day, when business with the public had practically concluded. Almost the only remaining thing for him to do was to attend to certain routine matters connected with the closing of the bank's business for the day.

"Come on; let us play something," challenged the sprightly Kitty, who, in her short skirted white linen dress and with her delicate features, much like those of her sister Rose, appeared more like a Christmas doll than a future inheritor of a fortune and of an imposing, dictatorial social position.

At Robby's suggestion the children decided to play at "being a banker" and after a lengthy, spirited dispute Robby impersonated the role of Mr. Randall, while Kitty was forced to be content with the character of a "lady borrower."

Robby perched himself on the assistant cashier's chair and assumed as stern an expression as his childish features and mischievous roving eyes would permit.

"Now, I understand you wish a loan," began Robby.

"I don't, either," retorted Kitty, sitting herself on a chair in front of the desk.

"Oh, come on and play. When I say 'I understand you wish a loan,' you say 'Yes.'"

"But you won't give me any money."

"If your security is good enough I will. Now," imperiously, "I understand you wish a loan."

"How much can I get?"

"No, no! You say a lot at first: that's business. Now, how much?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"That's fine." He paused, judiciously puckering his brows. "That's considerable money."

"That's the most I could think of," decisively.

"Don't talk that way," instructed Robby. "You would be put out for minkin' breakin' like that. Just don't say anything when they find fault. Now, that's considerable money, but of course you have security?" He paused. "Well, say 'Yes.'"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought so—what?"

"What?"

"What have you got in the way of security?" he asked.

"A farm."

"How large a farm?"

"Ten million acres."

"Well, that's good. Now, what grows on this farm?"

She hesitated, then said: "Fruit-peaches and apples."

"That's good. What else?" he prompted.

"Pears."

"Any bananas?" Kitty shook her head. "Very sorry," the lad went on. "You have all the fruit you have in our own back yard. The only fruit farm I could loan money on would be a banana farm. No. No bananas, no loan. Good day."

"But you didn't tell me to say bananas," insisted the girl.

"Tell you! A banker don't tell you anything you ought to know!"

After delivering himself of this piece of financial wisdom Robby endeavored to continue, but Kitty insisted on being the man for awhile. While the argument was in progress, the door leading from the vault enclosure opened and in came no less an individual than Jimmy Valentine. He had come from inspecting the new vault, now practically completed, and which he had pronounced as fine a pleco of burglar proof construction as he had ever seen—and Jimmy Valentine in his day, as some of us know, had rightly been considered a connoisseur in this particular connection. To settle the dispute the assistant cashier took Kitty out with him to show her the vault, in the building of which she had shown achildlike interest.

No sooner had the door closed behind them when through the hall entrance came Rose Lane, who, gowned in the height of Paris fashion and of more mature development, presented even a more alluring picture of feminine loveliness than she had at the time three years before when, just out of Vassar, she had rescued Jimmy Valentine from the horrors of Sing

Sing prison.

"Hello, Robby! Where's Kitty?" she greeted the boy.

"Outside." He pointed toward the door leading to the vault.

"Where is Mr. Randall?" she continued.

Robby grinned knowingly.

"You're always asking for Mr. Randall, aren't you?" he asked snidely.

Into Rose Lane's face came suddenly a flare of anger at the lad, but in a moment it was gone. A smile, tender, hopeful and true, supplanted it.

And Robby, with all the accrued wisdom of eleven years, saw the smile and smiled in return, for he was old enough to understand.

## CHAPTER XI.

**J**IMMY VALENTINE entered his private office from the room where the new vault had been erected. He saw Rose Lane standing close to his desk, where Robby was presiding with all the dignity that went with his age. The girl's eyes met his, but only for an instant. Valentine lowered his gaze to the floor, his thoughts whirling rapidly through his brain.

True, at one time he had had serious thought concerning the beautiful young woman who had saved him from Sing Sing, from Warden Handler and the warden's favorite pastime of "solitaire."

But of late he had come to realize that he would be doing her a lasting wrong, a vital injustice, to permit himself to make any serious advances toward her. She had been attracted by him. She was now even more interested in him. He was observing enough to learn this. As for his own emotions toward her? He loved her. That no one would deny who saw him in her company. He could not conceal it. Even the infantile Robby had guessed what he had endeavored to make his secret. Yet he had realized plainly the uncertainty of his position. At any moment the unexpected might happen, or, rather, the expected might happen, and some one would possibly uncover and reveal phases of his past that he would be unable to explain. Such had been the guiding thought of Jimmy Valentine in his social intercourse with the banker's daughter during his tenure as assistant cashier in the bank in Springfield, and now he saw more clearly than ever the wisdom of his course. Doyle—Doyle, the relentless tracker of men—had threatened to "get" him, and Doyle was always an element to be reckoned with.

Although Doyle's threat had been made years before, Valentine had never underestimated the detective's ability nor his tenacity of purpose. While he, Valentine, had taken precautions which he firmly considered would prevent Doyle from getting a hold of him again, yet, after all, it was by no means definitely assured that he would not defeat the ex-convict in his ambition to live "on the square," therefore Valentine must under no circumstance make any serious advances to

"What is it—that telegram?" she gasped. "It's had news for you—very bad," she went on. "I must know."

Valentine, undergoing a pronounced shock owing to the contents of the message which he held in his hand, was almost completely unstrung by the interruption of the girl he loved. Was it not fate that prompted her to appear before him at the very moment when—

"Oh, it is nothing," he said weakly. "Merely a little business trouble—that is all."

He stepped out from behind his desk, crumpling the fatal telegram in his hand, and gently led the girl to the door. "Remember," he said, "I have no engagement with you in a half hour."

"I will remember."

Unconvinced, mystified and thoroughly agitated by his nervous manner, Rose Lane went out of the office.

Valentine, smiling as best he could under the circumstances, closed the door behind her. He crossed to her chair, sank into it and flattened the wrinkled telegram before him. Again he read it from end to end:

"Look out," he read. "Doyle will be in town this afternoon at 4 to see you, about our important matter."

The assistant cashier dropped his chin into his palm and stared vacantly at the opposite wall.

"Doyle," he muttered. "George Doyle. He said he'd get me if it took ten years—a lifetime. Well, perhaps he can; then, again, perhaps he cannot. At any rate, he can probably ruin my career, my hopes, my standing here, where I have friends who believe in me."

Valentine leaned back meditatively in his chair. The fatal telegram dropped unheeded to the floor. His mouth set determinedly. A new fire blazed in his eyes, the fire that had consumed him and had spurred him on when in the days and nights of the past he had ventured forth on a desperate enterprise.

He would give George Doyle a race, that he would. He would match his wit against that of the skilled sleuth. He already had laid the basis for what now must be his course of procedure, and he believed that it would withstand even the cunning and force of George Doyle. At any rate, he could try.

Valentine leaned forward and pressed a button. A clerk entered. The assistant cashier hesitated a moment, then spoke quickly.

"Tell the watchman to come here," he directed.

The clerk nodded and went out in search of Red Flanagan, yes, Red, none other than the one time accomplice of Jimmy Valentine, whom the latter, true to his word, had taken with him in his attempt to "go it straight."

The assistant cashier stepped forward toward Rose, who stood close to his desk, resting her sable muff on its polished top.

"To what am I indebted for this pleasure?" he asked of her.

"Yourself." She smiled graciously at him as she spoke.

Valentine drew near to her.

"How?"

"Don't you suppose I like you as well as the children?" she answered gaily.

"Yes, but why is it that you never do call on me any more?" she questioned reproachfully.

"Well—because—" he became very uncomfortable. She must never know the true reason for his avoidance of her.

"Do you think it's fair to use a woman's weapon against her? You know it's a woman's birthright to say 'because' when she"—

"I mean?"

"Oh—ah—what were we talking about?"

"As to why you don't call on me any more."

Valentine struggled to think of a successful mode of escape from answering the question.

"True, I was aware that Valentine had received various puzzling communications from one 'Mr. Cronin.'

but how was Red to know that Mr. Cronin was Bill Avery unless the assistant cashier was pleased so to inform him, which he was not?

At first Valentine had had the belief that some friend was responsible for the sending of the warning telegram, but how was Red to know that Mr. Cronin was Bill Avery unless the assistant cashier was pleased so to inform him, which he was not?

"I'm the only one here in the room except you, and I don't want to see any 'Mr. Cronin.' Don't know him. Who is he?"

"Mr. Cronin," responded Valentine, "is the man who is going to save you and me from going back to state prison."

Valentine went on to recount to Red how Bill Avery, after he had said goodby to his "pals" in Albany, had gone to the middle west and eventually married a sedate widow of middle age, whose son was an expert photographer, one who operated a large studio in St. Louis and employed men who specialized in covering important events for the newspapers and magazines.

"Avery!" ejaculated Red. "Avery working—absolutely on the square?"

"Yes, that's the truth, the awful truth," laughed Valentine whimsically.

"But you say Bill—Bill Avery is married?" asked Red, completely overcome at the suggestion.

"Yes, it's all true, and Bill has proved a true friend to me—to us," answered Valentine.

"And he's really happy?" went on Red doubtfully. "Him as always had a stable of filles spendin' his coin. He's happy with one wife?"

The assistant cashier gave vent to a burst of gaiety at the astonishment of the watchman, who probably would have understood the process of reformation in any one but Bill Avery.

It was a few minutes elapsed after Valentine answered the telephone call before the door opened, and in came a man whose iron gray hair curled beneath the rim of his high silk hat. Glaringly bright yellow kid gloves adorned his hands. His frock coat, of the latest make, was a hit worn on the edges, and it was for that reason that the secondhand dealer had made a reduction in price to Mr. Cronin.

The newcomer laid a handsome gold headed Indian bamboo walking stick across a chair, took off his gloves and faced Valentine and Red.

"Mr. Randall?" he said.

"Yes, Mr. Cronin."

"Cronin he blowed," cried Red, starting forward. "It's Bill Avery. How about you, old pal?"

Avery, pleased at the enthusiastic welcome and at the sight of both of his old friends, shook hands with each. Then he drew back and looked from one to the other. "Think of us

"MR. CRONIN" FACED VALENTINE AND RED, three bein' left alone together like this in a real bank," he said significantly, and his two hearers could not restrain laughter at the thought of what the circumstances would have meant to them in days now put behind them. "Did you get the picture?" asked Avery of Valentine. "You told me to send it, but I wanted to see you. That double negative is a wonder."

Valentine looked understandingly at him. He rose from his chair, picked up the telegram and handed it to Red.

"Red, read that," he said dully, as though discouraged.

The other read in silence.

"Doyle! Good heaven!" he exclaimed.

"C"EE," went on Red enthusiastically, not appreciating the reason for Valentine's silence. "It's a great kid! Ain't it funny how a kid like that will get hold of a tong old tramp like me?"

"Nice child," commented Valentine. He picked up the telegram and handed it to Red.

"Red, read that," he said dully, as though discouraged.

The other read in silence.

"Doyle!" cried Red, starting aghast. The assistant cashier beat toward the watchman.

"Doyle sent that, Red. Don't you see he's not sure of me? But if I ran away from the bank when that telegram came—out of town for the afternoon—he'd know he had me."

"Never thought, I'd have ducked," commented Red. "And now he'll turn me up too. I'm going." He digested his last nervously.

"You're not. He don't want you, and if you stay where you belong he won't see you."

Red nodded his head decisively.

"I'll stay closer to the bank than an emigrant to his tag. And you, Jim?"

Valentine smiled as the other lapsed off in his excitement into using his old name.

"Jimmy!" How natural that sounds, I'd," he said reminiscently.

"Excuse me. I meant 'Mr. Randall,'" protestingly.

# New Goods

Parasols  
Neckwear  
Lawns  
Gingham  
Gloves  
Hosiery  
Etc. Etc.

We handle only goods of quality and guarantee price. Take a look and be convinced.

**HUGHES, MARTIN & CO.**  
Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes  
Stanford, Ky.

## Hot Weather Goods

Ice Cream Freezers  
Screen Wire  
Screen Windows, Fly Traps, Fly Paper,  
Fly Killers  
Also Harvesting Oil, Cylinder Oil  
Gas Engine Oil, Polarine Oil for Autos,  
Filtered Gasoline, Etc.

**W. H. Higgins.**  
Stanford, Ky.

**Saturday Only May**  
**27th.**

Every Lady That Buys a  
Pair of Slippers From \$3 up  
will Get a pair of Silk Hose  
Free.

**L. L. SANDERS.**  
CRAB ORCHARD, KY.

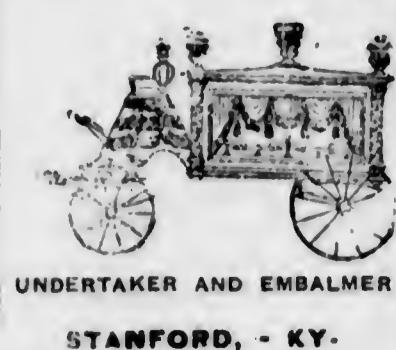


The Kind that Burns good, Makes no clinkers,  
and very Little Ashes. We Give you 72  
Pounds to the Bushel and Sixteen  
Ounces to the Pound.

**J. H. Baughman & Co.**  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

**J. L. Beazley & Co** **J. C. McClary,**

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. ALSO DEALER IN FURNITURE, MATTINGS, RUGS. THEY WILL EXCHANGE FURNITURE FOR ALL KINDS OF STOCK. GIVE THEM A CALL. PRICE RIGHT.



UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER  
STANFORD, KY.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY. Office Phone 167. Home Phone 36

Farmers  
Save Yourself From Heavy Lift-  
ing By Using A



Folding Transport Hay Rake A  
Great Labor Saver. See It At  
Pence Bros.

### THE FARMERS

POSTED.—Father Leo, W. H. King,  
Sarah E. Martin, J. T. Martin,  
Fred Handorf,

Stray bull come to my place April  
10th, a red three-year-old. Owner can  
get same by paying for keep and this  
and M. F. Berry, Neat's Creek, Stan-  
ford, Ky.

For Sale—Small farm good, dwell-  
ing, large barn, small orchard, well  
fenced plenty of water, good land  
3 miles from Stanford. Geo. W. Lung-  
ford & Son. 10-31

The J. H. Baughman Livestock Com-  
pany bought 50 fat 1200 pound cattle  
from Josh Jones last week for which  
they paid \$490. The heifers were shipped  
to Cincinnati.

According to those who know,  
there were about 40,000 stop fed cattle  
in Kentucky this year, and the  
shippers will lose the profits they  
made last year. This has been any-  
thing but a cattle year.

W. P. Kincaid sold a pony to  
H. C. Baughman for \$125 and one to N.  
Fowle for \$110 last week.

Dr. G. S. Brock, of London bought  
of S. A. Phillips a good saddle gelding  
for \$275.

Among the good premiums that  
will be hung up by the Lancaster  
Fair Association this year is \$25  
eered by W. O. alker, for the best  
suckling colt, either six, by the great  
stallion Carroll Preston.

### MEAN TRICK.



Stubb—What was the matter the  
other day when I saw you skating  
with Miss Flip?

Flip—Why, she sprung a clever  
joke and I tumbled!

### Protection

Here is our  
GUARANTEE  
To Every Depositor:

Capital 100,000  
Surplus 100,000  
Stockholders' Liability  
100,000.

Total 300,000

\$300,000—That  
stands between your  
deposit and any possi-  
ble loss.

LINCOLN COUNTY  
NATIONAL BANK  
Corner Next to Court-House  
Stanford, Ky.

My new spring and summer samples  
are now ready for your inspection.  
They comprise the best on the market.  
I can suit anyone as to price who had  
his clothes made to order. A suit  
made to your measure is preferable  
to ready made clothes. To have them  
made to measure doesn't cost any  
more than ready made when quality  
and fit is considered. Come in and ask me.

J. A. ALLEN, Stanford, Ky.

### Spring Suitings

H. C. RUPLEY, The Practical Tailor.

### We Want Produce

AND HANDLE LIVE AND DRESSED  
POULTRY, EGGS, ICE, COAL,  
WOOL, HIDES, FURS,  
SALT, LIME, GINSENG,  
FEATHERS, ETC.

**H. B. Northcott.**  
T. K. Tudor, Mgr.  
PHONE 153.

### CONCRETING

We are in position to do all kinds of con-  
creting, such as Block Work, Pavement,  
and in fact, we can make anything from  
a house down to a fence post. We will serve  
you promptly and guarantee first-class  
work and material. Call and get our prices  
before you buy your material at least.

**PHILLIPS BROS.**  
Stanford, Ky.

## Hints For Summer Straw

### Hats

ANY KIND, ANY SHAPE, ANY  
PRICE

"NEXT," I can sell you anything  
in the Clothing line in strictly ad-  
vanced styles and right in price.  
Hand tailored and pure wool. We  
have a blue serge for 12.50 that  
has the world beat for perfect fit,  
quality and workmanship

AND FOR THE FEET YOU WOULD NOT THINK OF BUYING ANYTHING  
BUT THE CROSSETT IN OXFORD SHOES. GLOVES FOR THE HAND  
SOX FOR THE FEET AND SHIRTS TO TONE YOU OFF SEE.

**Sam Robinson**  
Stanford, Ky.

**For**  
**Hot**  
**Days**

**Panama Hats**

**Soft Collars**

**NEGLIGEE - - SHIRTS**

**Mohair Suits**

**Silk Socks**

**LOW SHOES**

at

**LOW PRICES**

**Cummins & Wearen,**

**Stanford, Kentucky.**

**R&G  
Corsets**

**Impart Style**

and Comfort

**New Models**

**Just Received**

**W. E. Perkins,**

CRAB ORCHARD  
KENTUCKY.